

The Enterprise.

VOL. 10.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1904.

NO. 7.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.	
6:02 A. M.	Daily.
7:26 A. M.	Daily, except Sunday.
9:39 A. M.	Daily.
12:03 P. M.	Daily.
4:53 P. M.	Daily.
5:54 P. M.	Daily.
9:12 P. M.	Daily.

SOUTH.	
6:45 A. M.	Daily.
7:33 A. M.	Daily.
12:03 P. M.	Daily.
4:53 P. M.	Daily.
7:03 P. M.	Daily.
8:33 P. M.	Daily.
12:01 A. M.	Daily. (Theatre train.)

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

TIME TABLE

Leave Fifth and Market Sts., S. F.	Leave San Mateo
6:00 a. m.	5:30 a. m.
Every one-half hour thereafter to 6:30 p. m.	Every one-half hour thereafter to 8:00 a. m.
7:00	9:00
8:30	10:00
9:30	11:00
10:30	12:00
11:30	12:42 a. m.

TIME TABLE

South San Francisco R. R. & Power Co.

Leave Holy Cross	Leave Packing House
5:30 a. m.	6:30 a. m.
Every one-half hour thereafter to 4:30 p. m.	Every one-half hour thereafter to 4:30 p. m.
4:35	4:50
5:10	5:35
5:55	6:14
6:30	7:00
7:30	8:00
8:30	9:00
9:30	10:00
10:30	11:00
11:30	11:55
12:15 a. m.	12:35 a. m.

Cars pass Post Office every thirty minutes, 18 minutes before and 12 minutes after the even hours, from 5:42 a. m. to 4:42 p. m.

The last "suburban car," leaving Fifth and Market Sts., S. F., at 11:30 p. m., connects at Holy Cross at 12:15 a. m. with last car for South San Francisco.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays, 8:00 to 9:00 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

MAIL ARRIVE.

	A. M.	P. M.
From the North	6:45	12:00
" South	6:45	12:30
MAIL CLOSES.		
North	6:55	5:24
South	6:15	11:35

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

Methodist Church. Meetings, Butchers' Hall. Sunday Services—Sunday School, 3 p. m.; Epworth League of Christian Endeavor, 6:30 p. m.; Preaching 7:30 p. m.

The pastor, Rev. W. de L. Kingsbury will be in town Tuesdays and Thursdays from 1:30 to 5 p. m. Any who may know of sick or distressed neighbors, will please leave word at the residences of Mr. Coombes, Mrs. Du Bois or Mrs. Sullivan.

Catholic Church Services will be held every Sunday at 9 o'clock a. m. at the Catholic Church.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Local San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT	Redwood City
John G. H. Buck	Redwood City
TREASURER	
P. Chamberlain	Redwood City
M. Grindner	Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY	
J. Bullock	Redwood City
ASSISTANT	
D. Hayward	Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK	
H. W. Schaberg	Redwood City
COUNTY RECORDER	
John F. Johnston	Redwood City
SHERIFF	
J. H. Mansfield	Redwood City
AUDITOR	
Geo. Barker	Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS	
Miss Etta M. Tilton	Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR	
Das. Crowe	Redwood City
SURVEYOR	
W. F. Gilber	Redwood City

Will Name Judges Soon.

Sacramento.—Governor Pardee will appoint the new Justices of the District Courts of Appeal within the present month, as it is his desire to get the matter disposed of before the Legislature meets. To each of the three benches he will appoint two Republicans and one Democrat.

Cuba's Vice President Resigns.

Havana.—Vice-President Louis Estevez has resigned on account of ill

CONDENSED NEWS OF THE PACIFIC COAST

Interesting Occurrences Specially Selected and Boiled Down into Short Items.

HAPPENINGS OF THE PAST WEEK

Current Events Related in Dispatches From Many Correspondents in Various Parts of the West.

CRYES OUT AGAINST GREED OF YANKEES

Warns People of South America Concerning Expansion By United States.

LECTURE BY A GERMAN SCIENTIST

Boldly Declares That Germany Will Assist Southern Republics in Resisting What He Calls a Threatened Invasion.

RURAL SERVICE ADDS TO COST OF GOVERNMENT

Free Delivery in Country Causes Deficiency in Postoffice Department.

A NUMBER OF CHANGES SUGGESTED

Reports of the Third and Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General Show That the Number of Offices is Decreasing.

DECREASING NUMBERS OF IMMIGRANTS

Commissioner-General Sargent's Annual Report Full of Interesting Matter.

LAST YEAR'S ALIENS OF HIGHER TYPE

Moral, Intellectual and Physical Qualifications Much Better Than Ever

Before in the History of the Bureau.

COUNTY GAME LAW.

The Dates on Which Game and Fish May Be Taken or Killed.

Following are the open Game seasons as issued by the San Mateo County Fish and Game Protective Association:

Cottontail or Bush Rabbits.....July 1 to Feb. 1 Rail.....October 1 to Nov. 16 Hunting with boats one hour before or after high tide in

Deer.....August 1 to October 1 Trout.....April 1 to November 1 Not more than 100 to be caught in one calendar day.

The killing of Tree or Pine Squirrels, the shooting of Song Birds or robbing their nests is prohibited.

The seasons fixed by the State law for all other game apply to San Mateo County.

Violations of the game laws will be punished by fine or imprisonment. A reward of \$25 will be paid for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of offenders.

STATE GAME LAW.

The open season for shooting Valley or Mountain Quail, Partridge, Grouse, Sage Hen, or any kind of Wild Duck, or any Rail, Curlew, Ibis or Plover, or Deer, as fixed by the State law, is as follows:

Valley Quail, Partridge, Sage Hen, Wild Duck, Rail, Curlew, Ibis or Plover	October 1 to Feb. 15
Mountain Quail and Grouse	Sept. 1 to Feb. 15
Doves	July 1 to Oct. 15
Tree Squirrel	Aug. 1 to Oct. 1
Deer	Aug. 15 to Nov. 1
Phasant and Meadow Lark	April 1 to Nov. 1
Trot	April 1 to Nov. 1
Not more than 100 to be caught in one calendar day.	
The killing of Tree or Pine Squirrels, the shooting of Song Birds or robbing their nests is prohibited.	
The seasons fixed by the State law for all other game apply to San Mateo County.	
Violations of the game laws will be punished by fine or imprisonment. A reward of \$25 will be paid for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of offenders.	

Never-Close Bank For Business Men.

New York.—Several men prominent financially and commercially in this city met and completed arrangements for the establishment of a bank in the neighborhood of Herald square that shall be open for twenty-four hours daily, with relays of officials and clerks, and accessible to depositors night and day. There are occasions on which financial commercial undertakings are either begun or completed after the customary banking hours, and in connection with which the services of a bank are requisite for obtaining or depositing large sums of money. To meet this emergency it has been decided to establish a "never closed" bank. Among the names of the directors are those of the Whitney, Vanderbilt and Belmont families.

American Submarines Tested.

St. Petersburg.—Two American submarine boats have passed a very successful test at Cronstadt and have been shipped to Vladivostok by rail.

The People's Store

GRAND AVE., near Postoffice,

South San Francisco, Cal.

This is the Only Store in San Mateo County that SELLS

Dry Goods and Fancy Goods; Boots and Shoes; Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods; Crockery and Agate Ware; Hats and Caps,

AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES

Give Us a Call and be Convinced.

good news

We have just received a large shipment of the famous Cyrus Noble whiskey.

This brand is the most popular American whiskey in the world.

It is a pure, old honest product.

It is distilled from selected grain.

It is a tonic and stimulant combined.

It is absolutely pure.

Fatal Lodging-House Fire.

Denison, Texas.—Three persons were burned to death in a fire that destroyed a rooming-house here. Thirty-five guests escaped from the building by jumping from second-story windows.

Prince Frederick Dead.

Munich.—Prince Frederick of Hohenzollern, a member of the non-reigning Signarmingen branch of the family and a younger brother of King Charles of Roumania, is dead.

</div

THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

Earth's harvests come from seed thrown out to die.

Ostentation is merely a way our neighbors have of showing off.

One of the longest days in the average man's life is the one just before pay day.

If a small boy is allowed to stay up late at night he is willing to sleep overtime the next morning.

You save your money because you are economical; other people save theirs because they are stingy.

A New York man has cured himself of dyspepsia by eating grass. Now we know what ailed Nebuchadnezzar.

The world is beginning to suspect that even General Sherman had an inadequate conception of what war really is.

The Russians have now got along far enough to refer to the Japanese as "the gallant enemy," which is quite an advance.

All the married women are getting their lives insured. Will the husbands continue to warn them about drafts and damp feet?

A soldier named One Skow has deserted from the American army in the Philippines. A man with that kind of a name ought to be anchored out in a harbor somewhere.

A son of Cyrus W. Field is in the Tombs prison in New York, having been locked up as a common vagrant. Some great men have no sons. But not all great men can be lucky, too.

In the meantime, while the Laird of Skibo is entreating the nations to disarm, why doesn't he shut down his old armor-plate works at Pittsburgh? That would be a "feast swoop" worth talking about.

Fashionable colors this year, according to the dressmakers, are burnt onion—a warm brown—and fresh spinach—a cool green. The color-makers would have difficulty in finding names for new shades if it were not for the vegetables. They have had crushed strawberry, apple green, grape color, orange and lemon, and almost everything except mashed potato color; but that may come next.

One coyote will hang around a camp at night and create the impression that a pack of at least twenty big wolves are looking for a chance to eat the campers. But investigation will reveal that the single coyote is lean and hungry and cowardly, and that he does not weigh over fifteen pounds. Likewise one killer in a town will create the impression that there is much indignation against every respectable citizen and measure.

An imperial ukase recently issued in Russia puts women who wish to practice medicine on the same footing as men. The ukase entitles women both to a license to practice and to the degree of Doctor of Medicine. Women who offer a diploma from a foreign university may be admitted at once to the Russian State examination. If women attending the institute have neither home nor relatives in St. Petersburg, they are required to live in a hotel specially established for the purpose.

The value of an assemblage of personalities such as the peace congress has given America at this session is this, that the abstract conceptions of internationalism and nationalism are seen in the new light of personalities. To hold the theory that it would be well for men to be brothers is good, but action along that line depends much on what the brothers both seem to be and are. Any gathering which reveals to Americans just what sort of men and women the idealists of Europe and Asia are, makes for brotherhood, for the incarnations of a truth are always more persuasive than the truth itself.

The eloquent fact that the auction sale of the late William C. Whitney's stud realized close to half a million dollars, taken in connection with the results of the sales of several other notable stables of late, serves to illustrate the circumstances that the demand for good horseflesh was never greater than it is now, and that it has rarely fetched better prices. We sometimes hear the suggestion that the passion for fine horseflesh is going out and that the growing fancy for automobile has hurt it. Nothing could be farther from the truth. If any gentleman doubts this proposition let him go into the horse marts and try to find a good horse. He will probably succeed in his mission, but he will also ascertain that the demand far exceeds the supply.

It would be difficult for the Tsar to draft a law which would do so much for the internal peace of Russia as has been done by the birth of his son. The direct line of succession is now assured, and the intrigues for favor with the collateral heirs to the throne are no longer attractive. The effect of the removal of their obstructive plans from the path of the Tsar ought soon to be manifest in a more harmonious government. The need of an heir to the

throne was not so great in Italy as it was in Russia. The problems of the Italian government are simple in comparison with the Russian problems. Yet the birth of a son to the Italian king and queen makes government more stable in the peninsula by accustoming the people to the thought of rule by the infant Prince of Piedmont as the successor of his father. In Italy and in Russia the mother's "joy that a man is born" is shared by the whole people. Indeed, the birth of the man child in the royal families of those countries has increased the stability of two thrones, and thereby made more brilliant the prospect for continued European peace. The Tsaritsa and the Queen each had daughters, but neither in Russia nor in Italy does a woman succeed to the throne. The decree of 1797, which still regulates the succession to the Russian crown, gives preference to male over female heirs. Italy is still virtually under the Sardinian constitution of 1848, which excludes females from the throne.

Good everyday common sense is sometimes handed down from the bench more effectively even than the law. Judge Babcock, of Cleveland, has supplied an instance, when in rendering a decision he said: "The young married couple that start life on an income of \$1,500, and proceed to live as though it were \$5,000, need not be very farsighted to see a divorce at the end of their romance." All law has been said to be systematized common sense. But, unfortunately, all common sense is not law. The simple truth so bluntly stated by this Judge is one of the most important, but least heeded, truths in human life. The startling assertion was made the other day by a statistical authority in Georgia that nine-tenths of the young men of that State working on salaries were in debt through higher living than their salaries warrant. It is to be hoped the same proportion does not obtain in other sections of the country. It makes brisk business for the "monetary sharks," but is fatal to all others. It would seem to be the most easily comprehended proposition in the world that a young man or a young couple cannot successfully spend \$10 a week on a \$9 income. Multiplying the figures will not change the proportion or lessen the danger. Ten dollars income and \$9 expenditure form the road to success. Nine dollars income and \$10 expenditure form the road to failure. The guide-post, plainly marked, at which choice is made between these two roads, is the most critical point in a young man's life. Perhaps all this is platitude. It has been worn threadbare by repeated assertions ever since civilization began. The vital truth and importance of it is demonstrated every day. But the fact remains that millions give no heed. The happy homes of the land where peace and prosperity have their shrines are the homes where frugality binds hearts together in loving, hopeful sympathy. The dollar in the bank is a good guard against want, but only the common sense spirit of making both ends meet can guard against that demon worse than want—worry, which wrecks the home. The American people have a most unenviable reputation for bankruptcies and divorces. The penny more spent than the penny earned is perhaps the most direct cause of both.

Money Spent by Tourists.

It needed a painstaking German to figure for us a set of statistics long desired, but of a sort that nobody cared to tackle the tedium or the difficulty of computing them. These figures are the annual number of tourists in Europe and the amount of money they spend. The German's estimates cover the totals in both items, and, as large as their number is, the Americans do not constitute quite the whole of the globe's yearly nomad population. But what quantity of Americans do visit the Old World, and what amount of money they leave there may be guessed from this German's computations.

Switzerland, he says, entertains through the year 3,000,000 visitors, who spend \$30,000,000; Italy, the Riviera and Spain between them attract an expenditure of \$60,000,000. The various great capitals in all cull \$45,000,000 that come from the pockets of the 900,000 visitors to Paris, the 600,000 to London, the 500,000 to Berlin and the 350,000 to Vienna. The baths and seaside resorts accommodate 12,000,000 guests, who spend over \$18,000,000.

Saving House-Rent.

Having learned by experience that one paying rent will in a few years pay out a sum equal to the value of the house in which one lives, with a very small beginning we invested in a building lot, and in a small way became our own building association. We applied first to a building and loan association, but it was soon clear to us that the interest demanded was greater than that required by a bank. Then we made arrangements with a bank, by giving a mortgage on the house. Of course, the prospect of owning a home inspired us to various small economies, and in a few years the property was paid for, as the expense, including interest, insurance, taxes, etc., was at least one hundred dollars less than we had been paying for rent. The house, being new, needed no repairs, and, planned according to our own ideas, was more convenient and comfortable than any we could rent.—Woman's Home Companion.

Americans in the Lead.

Of the four women who received the doctor's degree at the University of Berlin last year, two were American, one Australian and one German.

Some actors assume other names rather than disgrace their families.

IN CASE OF A RUNAWAY.

What Is Best to Do in Order to Avoid Serious Injury.

Some forty years ago, when first I began to handle horses, I asked my father:

"What shall I do if a horse starts to run away?"

"Sit tight, keep your mouth shut and trust in the Lord," was his response. Prolonged experience has taught me that there is no better general rule for application in a runaway.

To sit tight is of prime importance. A runaway horse gets over the ground at about the speed of an accommodation train; and how many men would think of risking life and limb in a leap from a train? The average man, in jumping from a trolley car after it has slowed down and before it has stopped, is put to some difficulty to retain his footing. What hope, then, would he have of maintaining his equilibrium after leaping from a madly careening buggy or runabout, or the back of a flying horse?

My two score years of observation has taught me this one fact above all others—that four out of every five persons who are either seriously injured or killed in runaways have brought calamity upon themselves by failing to sit tight.

Therefore, I say to the man, never jump. You are safer on the horse or in the buggy where your only danger is that it may turn over with you. But that is to be feared far less than the consequences of jumping. In the first place it happens infrequently. In the second, if it does turn over, your fall will not be so great as if you had jumped, and, if you are cool and quick, you can certainly grab hold of something, thus preventing your being hurled through the air, or breaking your fall. Then, too, with the vehicle overturned the average horse either slows up or stops altogether, in either



A DANGEROUS MOMENT.

of which events it will be an easy matter for you to clear yourself of the vehicle before the beast takes it into his head to renew his fight, or for some one to be at his head to check him.

To the woman, I say, never jump! Such a course is infinitely more perilous for her than man. Woman is so encumbered with her clothes that, even with the horse going at a comparatively easy gait, her skirts would surely trip her when she ran forward in an effort to keep her feet; and it is thus falling head forward to the ground that causes fractured skulls, the force being so great that the arms, though they are thrust forward in an instinctive effort to protect the head, are little or no protection.

Again the odds are very heavy that the woman, in an effort to jump, would get her skirts caught in a wheel. I have known this to occur many times. "But I would take care that my skirts were gathered up," you say. That is what a friend of mine told me ten years ago. A week later her skirt caught in a wheel, she was dragged the length of several city blocks along a country road, and when finally released she had received injuries from which she died, and her body was a mass of bruises from head to foot.

No woman can gather her skirts so carefully as to remove the probability of their catching in the whirling spokes.

Sit tight, everybody. Also keep your mouth shut.

The average man shouts wildly, and the average woman screams hysterically when in a runaway. Both methods are equally pernicious. Your cries only tend to excite the horse further, and to make him run the harder. Your open mouth in its effect on the horse is on a par with the wildly swung hand of a citizen with good intentions who rushes out in the roadway when a runaway happens his way. Then, too, the more you shout or scream the more excited you become, and the first thing you'll be doing is what you should never do—jumping.

Keep your mouth shut, not only when the horse is running away, but also keep it pretty well shut when a horse is restive. A calm, cool voice is the commanding voice, calling forth obedience in man and beast alike.

How to Pull on the Lines.

If you are driving get well over the horse to pull on the lines—to pit your strength and ingenuity against his strength alone. Most persons lean away back the moment a horse starts running. Don't. Place yourself at a disadvantage by getting farther away from the horse's mouth, the fulcrum, as it were.

Instead, lean well forward, and, bracing yourself firmly on your feet, grasp the lines as far over the horse's loins as you can without endangering your balance. You will find that you can get well out over the horse and still run no risk of being drawn over the dashboard. This position will give you control of the lines and you will be able to feed them out and pull them in quickly at will.

Do not pull steadily on the reins. Give and take with the horse. A steady

pull will break down a very strong wrist in a very little while. Your object is tourst your wrist strength. It is all important to make it last until you tire out the horse, or get the better of him by some trick of the reins. Try a steady pull and you throw away your strength.

A steady pull soon hardens and numbs a horse's mouth, just as continuous pain deadens. But a give-and-take pull is akin to the jumping toothache in effect. Because there is an interval between jumps, the ache never deadens.

See-sawing often works wonders. Many a horse, in running away, literally gets the bits in his teeth; hence the expression. A little see-sawing will compel him to loosen his hold on the metal. Then, by further vigorous see-sawing send the metal cutting viciously into the flesh, first on one side of the mouth, then on the other; and be sure that you give a loose rein on the side on which you are not supposed to pull.

Besides tending to sto, the horse through pain, see-sawing jerks him more or less out of his course by sending his head suddenly from side to side.

Throwing is a trick of last resort and requires not a little strength. It is an requiring way of stopping a runaway.

To throw a horse, drop one line, center all your strength on the other, and, having grasped it as close to his mouth as you safely can, give it a sharp, hard pull—your very hardest. And here's hoping that his head all suddenly comes back sideways and next instant he falls on his knees or completely between the shafts. During the respite, if no one runs up to your assistance, your wife or child can clear the buggy with safety while you are still pulling hard on the line. Or, if you are alone, all you need to do is to leap clear of the standing vehicle, which, mark you, is a far different proposition than that of jumping from a moving one.

For see-sawing, throwing—in fact, for the better control of a horse at all times—I would advise a four-ring snaffle bit. When the horse behaves himself the bit is comfortable. When he gets ugly it can be made an exquisite instrument of torture.

Some horses are known among horsemen as pullers. When under control they tax a strong man's wrists. Running away, they are the despair of strong men. If you find that you have a puller, your play is not to pit your pulling powers against his, but to throw him.

If your horse is running away on a country road, where you will have a comparatively clear course, I hold that under ordinary circumstances that you should let him run for it and tire himself out, which he will eventually. Of course you can hasten this eventually by judicious pulling. There will be very little danger of the vehicle turning over on the average country road, for the bends are not sharp enough.

In the city, on the other hand, if you find that see-sawing is of no avail and you cannot throw him, run the beast into something. Try to make that something heavy, like the rear end of a truck or a stone wall or a sturdy tree. The only thing you will be likely to hurt is the horse. The truck surely will not be injured, and you won't, for the horse will get all the force of the compact.—Kansas City Journal.

Code of Marks.

The Fifth Avenue Hotel is one of the few in Louisville which still retains the system of secret marks to designate the character and standing of its guests, says the Courier Journal. The custom of making these marks is an old one, and not so many years ago every hotel had a code of marks which was known only to the clerks of the house.

Almost any night the register of the Fifth Avenue will show a number of oddly shaped circles dotted with broken lines and other marks of a puzzling character.

The characters do not mean that the person marked is crooked, or will make an effort to beat his board bill. One of the marks means that the man is to have the best that is in the house; another that he is an old customer and can be relied upon to take anything that is available.

A third may mean that the money must come in advance or that the man is a chronic kicker. Some hotel clerks, especially the older ones, like this system of signals and depend upon it for obtaining information from the clerk who preceded them on watch as to the character and standing of the men who have registered.

Not a Continuous Performance.

A year or so ago, when President Roosevelt was making a trip through the West, says the New York Herald, each town in which he stopped planned some characteristic performance to honor him. One, in which the President was by schedule compelled to remain eight or nine hours, made the day a public holiday and arranged picnics and other amusements.

One of the cowboy riders was mounted on an especially ill-tempered beast. His skill in managing the mount won the President's admiration.

"Do you ride all the time?" Mr. Roosevelt asked the Westerner.

The rider curbed his steed a second and replied:

"No. I stop for meals."

At the Seance.

Widower—Is that my wife?

Medium—It certainly is.

Widower—Lord help me! And to think that I put ten tons of granite over her!—Atlanta Constitution.

Lightning recently struck an Ohio man and cured him of rheumatism—so his widow says.

JAPANESE FIRING FROM INTRENCHMENTS.



The cut illustrates the manner in which the Japanese infantry fire from behind intrenchments. These earthworks, usually thrown up by an advance detachment of experienced sappers, form a most efficient protection so long as the enemy can be kept at rifle range.



Engine compounds twice as well as the ordinary engine.

Floor space required for stationary engine is reduced by two-thirds.

Consumption of fuel is reduced one-third.

First cost of the dynamo is reduced 50 per cent.

Engine requires only slight foundations, and, possessing no vibration, could be placed safely on the top floor of high buildings.

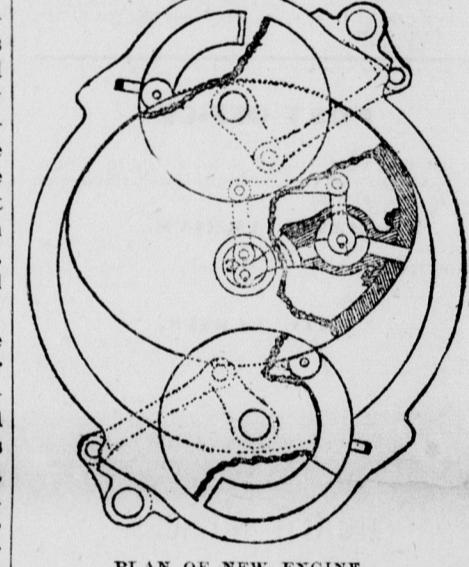
Can be dropped instantly from 100-horse power load to one-half a horsepower.

Will reduce the time of freight and passenger transportation by land, and sea by one-half.

Solves the suburban traffic problem by the rapid propulsion of a single car.

The first perfected rotary constructed was for only 25 horse power, but it developed 28 in operation and was used by the inventor to run his shop. By means of it he found the astounding results detailed could be attained readily and then he constructed his 300-horse power engine.

In railway use, it is stated, the center of gravity can be lowered one-half, making the long dreamed single-car



THE 'REPUBLIC AT THE POLLS.'

Every city, in every village, at every little red school-house marking a sparse settlement in the vastness of our western prairies; far up in the mountains miles from railways and telegraph lines; thousands of miles across the seas, the citizens of the Republic cast their ballots on November 8 to choose the first citizen of the land. Not only were their suffrages given to elect President, but the millions upon millions of ballots brought to State, county and city candidates the exultation of victory or the sting of defeat.

Over 14,000,000 ballots were cast for presidential candidates. As the stump speaker would say in referring to the popular vote for President since 1856, "See how we grow!" The vote has been:

Year.	Year.
1856	4,053,753
1860	4,680,193
1864	4,034,789
1868	5,716,858
1872	6,457,214
1876	8,405,627
	1880
	10,055,873
	11,377,686
	12,154,537
	13,952,179
	13,970,605

Many hundreds of thousands voted under what is known as the Australian system. These, on entering a polling place, received a ballot, in many instances much larger than the average newspaper sheet. In a small booth they marked their choice with a cross at the top, handed the folded ballot to a clerk, saw it deposited in the ballot box and walked out. In many States the man, and in some the woman, marched to the polls with his ballot (a long strip of paper containing the names of his party's candidates) snugly resting in his vest pocket. He had had it for days, and it may or may not have been "scratched," with some of the names covered by the "pasters" of an opposing candidate.

In other States, but in very few, and not in all the districts, the voting machine was used. This is a comparatively recent departure, and is still in its experimental stages, with opinion as to its feasibility divided. It is very difficult to please the average "practical" politician. In some election districts a thousand or more votes were cast. In others only a hundred. One district in New York City yielded a solitary ballot, and was unanimous for Roosevelt. But it cost the city something more than \$800 to deliver the documentary proof of the freeman's inalienable right at headquarters. In another New York City district there were but three votes.

"THERE, NEVER MIND."

Years have passed, but still I hear them, Mother's words, "There, never mind." Time serves only to endear them To me as it flies, I find. Mother's gone, but still I often Find myself, when trouble's nigh, Half expecting her to soften It as in the days gone by.

Years, but still I see her rocking, Holding me upon her breast, Both her arms about me locking, Setting all my fears at rest. Years, but still I hear her telling Me in voice so low and kind, While my tears are swiftly welling, Soothing like, "There, never mind."

All my boyish troubles vanished When she spoke those words to me. All my tears were quickly banished, Soon I slumbered peacefully. Off I wish when woes beset me, And grim worries now I find, That old Father Time would let me Hear her say, "There, never mind." —Kansas City Star.

The Wit of Marion

THE institution was too new to Scarcroft to be treated with aught save reverence and awe, but there was more than one who dared suggest that David Prescott had erred in making his daughter Marion his paying teller. Not that Marion was not suited to the place, but that even Scarcroft knew that a woman teller was unusual.

Comment did not worry Prescott. His holdings in the bank amounted to more than 90 per cent of the capital invested, and at the directors' meeting he had offered to make another choice if the board could suggest any one better qualified through acquaintance or experience at figures. That settled the matter officially, and when the spick and span new office opened it was Marion's pretty blonde head which was seen through the plate-glass square lettered "Paying Teller."

Bert Howard was the receiving teller, and this was further cause for gossip, for Bert had been a willing slave to Marion ever since the days when he used to drag her to school on his sled.

Many comments had been made in the postoffice and around the stove in Van Zant's grocery, but after Ned Davis had been soundly thrashed by Howard for suggesting that if the pair of tellers held their positions long enough they would have no trouble starting life properly, there was an abrupt cessation of this sort of gossip, and the bank officers were accepted without further comment.

But it was not pleasant sailing for Bert and Marion. He had been given his position, not because Prescott approved of his suit for Marion's hand, but because, like Marion, he had been the most available person for the position. Prescott, in his hard, deep-pitched voice had assured the young man that if he ever caught a glimpse of love-making in business hours there would be an importuned teller in the bank within twenty-four hours.

So it was that man and maid were perfectly content with such satisfaction as could come from the knowledge of the other's propinquity, and even Tony Dwight, who would have been glad to see his rival disposed of, could find no cause for tale bearing.

Dwight, with Prescott, Bert and Marion, constituted the clerical force of the First National, and oddly enough Prescott, usually an excellent judge of character, favored Tony's aspirations for Marion's hand. The one unpleasant feature of her position was the fact that she had frequently to consult Tony as bookkeeper, and he never let pass an opportunity to press his suit.

Then the agent of the Chester Bank Vault Company came to Scarcroft one noon hour, driving over from the nearest railroad town behind a pair of spanking bays. Curtis was the name in one corner of the card he presented to Prescott as he strolled unannounced into the president's office.

But selling bank vaults was apparently not his principal business, for after a while Prescott came out of his office. "Here is a check for which Mr. Curtis wants the cash," he said, thrusting the slip of paper through the window to Marion. "You have a package of thousand-dollar bills in the corner of the small safe. There are twenty-five of these. He will take the other half in hundreds."

Marion looked curiously at her father's face, white and drawn.

"Are you sure this is all right?"

Curtis laughed lightly.

He moved closer to the bank president, and Prescott, with the muzzle of a revolver pressing into his side could only nod his assent. Curtis had assured him that at the first sign of attempted communication with any of the two clerks all would be shot and he would be safe in the country before the crime was discovered. Prescott was a brave man, but he agreed with Curtis' argument that the money would do him little good if he were to be shot for refusing it.

Marion gave one more curious glance at the pair and turned toward the vault. In a moment she reappeared. "Oh, Bert," she called, "will you please come here and help me to move this box?"

Howard went to her aid, while Curtis fidgeted about, urging Prescott to make haste. There was small danger of interruption from a customer or from Tony, who lunched at that hour, but being a skilled workman he liked to see a job done expeditiously.

In a couple of minutes the pair returned. Marion carried a package of bills, while Howard swung a bag covered with wax seals.

"I shall have to give you some gold," said Marion sweetly, as she tumbled the bills on the shelf beneath the window of her cage and prepared to count. "You see, we keep most of our reserve on deposit in town and for local use we have mostly small bills."

"Gold will do," responded Curtis amiably. "I am not particular, though of course the large bills are easier to handle."

Howard came around the corner with the gold but before Curtis could grasp the bag of coins it descended upon his head with force sufficient to knock his heavy felt hat over his eyes and stun him before the ready pistol in his coat pocket could be fired.

Ten minutes later, under the reviving influence of ice water applied externally and brandy in internal applications, Curtis woke up. Howard stood over him, completing the work of curing him with rope.

"You will pardon me, Mr. Curtis," he said, blandly, "for not recognizing you more quickly, but you see the slip sent out by the Bank of Tacoma gave your name as Peters, alias Manuel, and other names. In fact, Miss Prescott was the first to see your game. No, I wouldn't hang Miss Prescott," he continued, as he caught the muttering exclamation. "You know the proverb about curses and chickens roosting home. There is that little matter of killing the president and the cashier of the First National of Caswell——" He turned to greet the sole peace officer of which the town boasted.

"That's him!" shouted Tony, from the rear. "I saw him walk up and hit me over the head."

Constable Post looked about awkwardly. "I'm afraid there's some mistake," he growled. "You didn't tell me it was Mr. Howard you wanted arrested."

"Arrest Howard!" shouted Prescott.

A careful estimate of the cost of holding the presidential election of 1904 is that at least \$25,000,000 was spent by the States and municipalities, townships and boroughs in legitimate expenses. This does not include one penny for electioneering or by any of the political parties. New York expended at least \$2,000,000. Massachusetts expended over \$500,000. Illinois and Ohio \$1,000,000 each. So it does not take long in running up the list of forty-five States to reach the \$25,000,000 mark. In addition to this the States pay the cost of the meetings of the members of the Presidential Electoral Colleges when they gather at the State capitals on the second Monday of January following the presidential election. The general government pays the mileage and expenses and per diem to the messengers of the Electoral Colleges who carry the vote to the President of the United States Senate at Washington. The appointment of messenger is much sought after, especially from the government, and good pay for a nice task, especially to the man from Maine, or Oregon or California.

The total registration of Greater New York was 688,840 voters. In 1900 it was 640,641; in 1902, 593,174. The exercise of the franchise in the five boroughs of the city of New York involved this year the expenditure of \$816,085 for the registration and the casting of the vote. The Board of Elections costs this year \$579,210, including salaries of commissioners, clerks, etc.

In Chicago the total registration reached 407,501, again: 405,077 in 1900 and 380,245 in 1896. The cost to the city of Chicago for registering and polling the vote was nearly the same as in New York City.

St. Louis showed a falling off in the registration of voters. Only 132,767 are on the list for 1904, as compared with 134,924 for 1900.

The freeman will look and ponder for a moment when he learns what it cost to conduct the election in six of the principal cities of the country. Below are the figures:

Cities.	Cost.
Philadelphia	\$ 247,615
New York	816,085
Chicago	600,000
Baltimore	175,000
Boston	170,000
St. Louis	200,000
Total	\$2,174,085

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

THE SELFISHNESS OF WOMEN IN PUBLIC.

By John A. Howland.

Self-abnegation is usually claimed by woman as her especial virtue, yet it is the opinion of the average business man that no woman knows where her rights cease and where those of others begin.

In crowded street cars women generally refuse to move down to the middle of the car unless the conductor literally compels them. Nine times out of ten a woman hangs to the strap nearest the door, thus making every newcomer crowd past her. Often on the elevated trains during the rush hours men are compelled to step on women's dresses or else kick them out of the way. Under these circumstances I sometimes hear men say, "Don't move; I can push by," probably because they have learned by experience that it would do no good to ask the women to move down. When I see women doing the same thing in elevators—refusing to step back in the van, I wonder how they can be willing to appear so selfish.

Who crowds in ahead of a line of men waiting to purchase theater tickets. Never any one but a woman. She is in such a hurry, and, of course, just one person crowding in could not make much difference. At the bank who attempts to get to the paying teller's window ahead of a long line of waiting men? But what can men do when a woman refuses to await her turn? They must either suffer in silence, depend on the vigilance of the attendant, or, if they venture to remonstrate in person, draw down upon themselves the wrath and scorn of the woman interfered with.

Walking three or four abreast on a crowded street is a form of selfishness one seldom sees, but one often sees groups of women blocking up doors and passageways. Passing a prominent office building one day recently I saw three young women standing in the entrance, grouped in such a way that the passage was completely blocked. A man approached the entrance; they did not move. He hesitated a moment, said "Pardon me," and crowded through the group as best he might. One of the girls looked after him scornfully. "Well," she exclaimed, "aren't men the rudest things!" The man heard, but it was not the part of a gentleman to reply.

Another form of woman's selfishness in public places is typified by a trailing skirt on a downtown street. Most women admit the inconvenience to themselves of wearing a too long skirt downtown, but I never heard a woman speak of the inconvenience to which she puts other people by wearing such a garment. If she holds up her skirt she discommodes herself; if she lets it drag she discommodes others, who must walk around it to avoid stepping on it.

THE POWER OF WILL.

By Mrs. T. P. O'Connor.

The latest development of the belief in the power of the will is shown by doctors. Two French physicians have just written a book describing their treatment of disease by merely strengthening the will of their patients and giving them the desire and determination to get better. This treatment is entirely free from any suspicion of hypnotism or faith healing. Quite the contrary. In cures made by hypnotic suggestion the patient's will is entirely suspended while the more energetic one of the operator reigns supreme, and so far from the actions done while in the sleep strengthening the mind and repairing brain waste as well as bodily infirmity, it is well known that the effect of hypnotic treatment is often mentally injurious.

There are few things more comforting in illness than a good talk over its symptoms and its inconveniences. And

THE CZAR'S GREAT PALACES.

How Millions Are Squandered by the Potentate of the Russians.

The Czar of Russia owns 100 palaces and chateaux, scattered about his vast empire, and each one of them is marvelously furnished and marvelously filled with servants. Something like 36,000 butlers, grooms, footmen, vallets, chefs, coachmen, gardeners, etc.,

market yield of lumber, railroad ties and telegraph and telephone poles amounts to over \$100,000, besides large supplies of material for local consumption.

It happens that chestnut is especially fitted for management in farmers' wood lots. Before scientific forestry began to be heard of in the United States, and when forest preservation was not uncommonly talked about as

that winter or spring cutting is followed by better results than that done in the summer or fall. Telephone poles are grown in Maryland, from healthy stumps in from thirty-five to thirty-eight years, and ties may profitably be cut in about twenty-nine years. Too early cutting should be discouraged as wasteful in the long run. The practice of permitting contractors to cut unrestrictedly for a given sum is one which works much injury to the permanent productiveness of the woods.

Kept Out the Mosquitoes.

A striking example of the efficacy of exterminating mosquitoes to prevent disease is to be found in the case of the yellow fever epidemic at Laredo, Tex., last fall. This city is situated on the Rio Grande, with one part in Mexico and the other on the American side of the boundary. The outbreak of yellow fever in September was soon brought to the attention of the United States government and its medical officers immediately addressed themselves to the problem, supervising all medical work on the Texas side of the river.

The patients afflicted with yellow fever were carefully screened and a relentless search was made for the mosquitoes, all infected premises being disinfected, so as to kill the insects, and water pools and other possible breeding places covered with oil. The result was that on the Texas side of the river only 10 per cent of the inhabitants suffered with the disease, while in the Mexican part of the city 50 per cent were afflicted.

So thoroughly was the work done in the American part of the city that in November no traces of the mosquitoes could be seen. As mosquitoes are responsible for the transmission of diseases other than yellow fever, such a record should be encouraging to those who have been working to stamp out the pest during the present season.—Harper's Weekly.

Useless Knowledge.

When Mrs. Nevrich returned to London, after a brief sojourn in Paris, she breathed a sigh of relief. "I'm thankful to get where the English language is the prevailing one," she said to an American friend who had declined to accompany her across the Channel. "I don't know but one word of French that I can speak right off easy. That's merci, and goodness I didn't have any occasion to use that, for none of 'em ever did anything I wanted 'em to."

"So the engagement is broken? Dad, give him back the ring?" "I judge so. He's bought a new suit and deemed his watch."—Judge.

CHESTNUTS IN WOODLOTS.

How Growth of Tree May Be Improved Explained by Bureau of Forestry.

Throughout the Northeastern States from Massachusetts to Maryland, and as far west as Indiana, chestnut holds an important place as a timber tree. Commercially, it is chiefly in demand for ties, telegraph and telephone poles and posts, for all of which purposes, as well as for some constructional uses, it is especially adapted by its peculiar power to resist decay in contact with the soil. It is also largely used for fuel and general farm purposes. In Maryland alone, according to the twelfth census, its annual

sentimental fad, the thrifty owners of the small tracts of woodland which cover so much of Southern New England, New York, Pennsylvania and neighboring States had long been cutting successive crops of the hard woods which sprout rapidly from the stump, thus practicing more or less rudely what the forester calls the "pure coppice" method of management. The superior market for chestnut, combined with its rapid growth, gave it, on the whole, the leading place in the esteem of these wood-lot owners, who, by winter cutting, were able to turn to good account time for which farm occupations gave no other employment.

Chestnut is not exacting in its soil requirements. Its roots spread comparatively deep, so that it is not so sensitive to fire or humus destruction from any cause as most species. Its sprouts grow so fast that at a height of seven or eight feet at the end of the first season is not uncommon, and its stumps are so vigorous that one will often produce forty or fifty sprouts. Not more than one in eight or ten of these will mature, but by selecting the most promising the fall vigor of the parent stump may be concentrated on them, to the great improvement of their rate of growth. The observations made by the bureau have proved that low stumps produce more vigorous sprouts than high ones, and deemed his watch."—Judge.



CZAR'S WINTER PALACE AT ST. PETERSBURG.

are housed in the hundred residences, and their total salaries amount to the enormous sum of 20,000,000 francs or \$200,000. In the many stables are 5,000 horses, while the heads of cattle may be placed at 50,000; the number of dogs, inhabitants of the Czar's kennels, are innumerable. Naturally, the Czar is not

THE ENTERPRISE

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop.

Entered at the Postoffice at South San Fran
isco, Cal., as second class matter, December
2nd, 1895.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One Year, in advance \$1.50
3 Months, 75
Three Months, 40

Advertising rates furnished on application.

OFFICE—Postoffice Building, Co. Grand
and Linden Avenues.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
BRANCH OFFICE, 202 Sansome St., San
Francisco, Room 4, third floor.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1904.

The President's message has been sent to Congress and was published in all the daily papers Wednesday morning. Although necessarily long, by reason of the varied interests requiring attention, the message is clear and forcible from beginning to end, and will be very generally read for the reason, that like all papers written by Theodore Roosevelt, it is very readable.

The common practice among boys and young men about town of carrying deadly weapons, in the form of pistols, is a bad one, and should be disconcerted and discouraged in every possible way. If it is within the power of the Board of Supervisors to make the carrying of concealed weapons a misdemeanor, such an ordinance should be enacted and enforced.

The Enterprise appears to be the only newspaper in the county opposed to the new ordinance regulating the sale of liquor in saloons. Notwithstanding the lonesome position we occupy, we still think saloons should be obliged to close not later than 11 o'clock and that the right and only desirable way to prevent saloons becoming too numerous is to increase the price of the license. On a matter of such vital concern we deem it the duty of every newspaper to speak out. If the new law meets the approval of our brethren of the press we should be glad to see them come out and give the reasons for such approval. Silence is consent—but a poor way to manifest it.

The Salvation Army is making preparations to give a Christmas dinner to all the hungry, homeless and poor of the great city of San Francisco. Every year the Salvation Army has given a Christmas dinner to the poor of the city. It is a great and a good work this noble army of Christians are doing, and long, long ago the sneers which at first greeted the Army workers, were hushed. Today all the world, the wicked as well as the godly, have come to recognize the worth of the Salvation Army. Now is the time for our people here to show their appreciation by sending to the headquarters of the Army in San Francisco a contribution in cash to aid in paying for the big Christmas dinner.

Our esteemed contemporary, the San Mateo Leader, says the Enterprise was mistaken in stating that the saloonkeepers of San Mateo were endeavoring to prevent the restaurants serving wine at their tables. The Leader adds that the move made in this regard came from citizens and was aimed at an all-night restaurant and not at the restaurants generally. We stand corrected and thank the Leader for setting us right. Our article grew out of the comment of the San Mateo Times upon the matter in question. The thing we aimed at was not the action of the saloons or any one else to prevent the sale of wine in restaurants, but the ordinance of San Mateo County establishing a saloon monopoly under the pretext of restricting the number of saloons.

The United States Civil Service Commission announces that the examination to have been held November 22 and 23, 1904, for the position of irrigation engineer, Department of Agriculture, has been postponed until January 18 and 19, 1905, and will be held at San Francisco, Los Angeles, Fresno, Marysville, Cal., and Reno, Nev. The initial salary will be \$1500 to \$2000. The age limit, 20 years or over. Persons desiring to compete should at once apply either to the United States Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C., or to the secretary, Board of Civil Service Examiners, 301 Jackson street, San Francisco, Cal., for application form 1312, which should be properly executed and filed with the Commission at Washington.

A peculiar accident happened to Assistant Cashier Edwards of the Santa Rosa Savings Bank, last week. Edwards suffered a severe electric shock while handling an electric light connection and at the same time holding a gas chandelier. When the current was released the banker was almost rigid. He was able to resume his duties some time afterward, however, and suffered no ill effects.

OLD FAVORITES

The Marseillaise.

Ye sons of freedom, wake to glory!
Hark, Hark! what myriads bid you
rise!

Your children, wives, and grandsons
hoary,

Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Afrift and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
To arms! To arms! ye brave!

The avenging sword unsheathe;

March on! March on! All hearts re-
solved

On victory or death.

Now, now the dangerous storm is roll-
ing.

Which treacherous kings confederate
raise;

The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And, lo! our fields and cities blaze;

And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands imbrui-
ning?

To arms! To arms! ye brave!

The avenging sword unsheathe;

March on! March on! All hearts re-
solved

On victory or death.

O, liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?

Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee,
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?

Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,
But freedom is our sword and shield,

And all their arts are unavailing.

To arms! To arms! ye brave!

The avenging sword unsheathe;

March on! March on! All hearts re-
solved

On victory or death.

Rouget de Lisle.

Break, Break, Break.

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O sea!

And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O, well for the fisherman's boy
That he shouts with his sister at play!

O, well for the sailor lad
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on,
To the haven under the hill;

But O, for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,

At the foot of thy crags, O sea!

But the tender grace of a day that is
dead

Will never come back to me.

—Alfred Tennyson.

HE IS A "POW WOW" DOCTOR.

Queer Method Used to Cure a Sick Child.

Coroner Dugan, in investigating the death of a child yesterday, discovered the existence of a "powwow" doctor in this city, says the Philadelphia Ledger. The man, J. J. Marshall, of 4801 North 5th street, described himself as such, and said he had the power to effect a cure through his weird incantations.

According to Mrs. Rebecca Ruch, of 2055 Arizona street, her 4-months-old child died after she had treated her as directed by Marshall. Mrs. Ruch said others had been cured by the "powwow" man and she went to see him upon the recommendation of a neighbor.

"He examined the child and then undressed her," the woman testified. "He took a piece of sod and rubbed her all over first with the dirt side and then with the grass. He told me to change all her clothes and after taking them off to shake them out of the window and never to use them again. Then he said that I should take the baby out of the house when the sun reflected on the rooftop and bring it in again when the stars began to shine."

Marshall, a decrepit and aged man, with a short, bristling white beard, was defiant while under examination by the coroner.

"What is your business, Marshall?" asked the coroner.

"I am a blacksmith by trade, but I don't work at that now. I'm what they call a 'pow-wow'."

"You are what?" queried the coroner, amazed at the man's admission of his occupation.

"I'm a 'pow-wow.' That's what the doctors call me."

Asked by the coroner to define the meaning of "pow-wow" Marshall said a "pow-wow" is what the physicians call a humbug.

"Then you are a humbug, are you?" asked Mr. Dugan.

"So the doctors say. But you can't do anything with me. I am not registered as a physician, but then I don't charge for my services. I take whatever my patients give me. I don't ask for a fee, but I always get one."

"I was taught how to cure human ills by my mother, who taught me all she knew. How she found it all out is between her and God. I know nothing about laws. I have lived in Philadelphia many years and hope to die here, but I've always minded my own business."

The coroner admitted that there was no law to reach Marshall, but at the same time he roundly rebuked him for his practices.

JOHN CHINAMAN AT HIS EASE.

Celestial Dignified When He Casts Off the Cares of the World.

With the summer weather the Chinaman comes before us prominent in his artistic silks and in his native nakedness. His temperament also becomes a noticeable feature to the observant

foreigner and the manner in which he takes his pleasure contrasts marvelously with that of the energetic accidental human being.

In the early hours of the morning, when the rays of old sol are tempered with the dissipating dew of night, the wealthy native, as well as the worker of low degree, may be seen carrying the cage containing his favorite singing bird to the native gardens or other tree-embowered spot and listening in contemplative ecstasy to the joyous greeting which his caged friend pours forth to the coming glory of the day.

As soon as the golden beams become oppressive he retires to his domicile, whether to labor or sleep 'tis hard to tell. In any case, he is wise, for has he not caught the beauty of the grandest part of a summer's day, the majesty of dawn? Again, when sunset's glow has fallen dead in the West, the Chinaman pours forth to his diversion. To stand for hours with waving fan on the curb of our city's thoroughfares watching the procession of vehicular and pedestrian traffic brings him apparently the delight which a Londoner can obtain from a lord mayor's show, daily repeated, while a volunteer parade brings him forth in numbers proportionate to the metropolis' myriads called out by a royal pageant.

Thus in dignified, contemplative manner does the Chinaman display his idiosyncrasy of pleasure-taking. Again, the native of younger blood, imbued with a tinge of foreign taste, rushes madly through the streets on the whirling wheel or drives, luxuriously reclining in his smartly appointed carriage, behind the fastest trotting pony, steered by a reckless native Jehu, which his means are able to procure.

The visitor to the various public resorts of the Chinese in the settlements will invariably gain an interesting insight into the Chinaman and his pleasure-taking, and one striking feature cannot pass unnoticed. Whether coolie, merchant, office boy or mandarin in public, the Chinaman at play is invariably respectable. One hears much of the native immorality, but decorum when in the public eye, and absolutely moral behavior characterizes even the biggest race among the Chinamen of our settlements. Drunkenness is a vice which is usually kept within doors, as are all other reprehensible practices.

Quarreling is almost an unknown thing in public resorts. Never does one witness anything approaching the college student of Europe on the rampage, or 'Arry and 'Arry on a bank 'olday tear. The Chinaman takes his pleasure as he takes his business, with a calm, calculating philosophy, which constitutes one of his greatest variations from the habit of mind of the various European.—Shanghai Times.

Bones of Ancient Red Men.

The skeletons of two full-grown Indians have been unearthed by Professor William R. Hoag, of the Minnesota State University at his summer home on Big Island, Lake Minnetonka, says the Minneapolis Tribune.

Professor Hoag was digging in the high bank on which the house is situated at the west or upper end of the island for a set of new steps for the wharf below. About two feet from the top of the bluff and a short distance under the dirt bones were discovered, and when all had been collected two perfectly preserved skeletons were laid side by side on the grass. Several round stones, supposedly Indian money or implements, were also found.

The skulls of the Indians were especially well preserved, and it was by these that their identity as Indians was made possible. The high cheek bones show this beyond a doubt. How long they have lain in their graves overlooking the lake cannot be ascertained, the dryness of the sand at the height above the water at which the bodies were found being given as a reason for their perfect preservation. Similar relics of the former lake dwellers have been found at different points around the lake and also on Big Island, but the new discovery is one of the largest single finds that has been made. That part of the island directly faces the setting sun, and it is believed that it was for that reason a favorite burying ground of the tribes that once peopled the shores of the lake.

One of the skulls found by Professor Hoag contains a full set of perfectly preserved teeth.

Don't Exactly Know.

It is generally supposed that the average Chicagoan knows something about music. He certainly has had enough of it thrown in his way. This being the greatest musical center on the American continent, most people have been acquainted at least with the names of the great composers. But there are still some who get things a little mixed.

Standing in front of the new Thomson orchestra building on Michigan avenue one day last week were three well-dressed men. One of them was reading the names chiseled in the stone facade of the building.

"Bach," he read. "Beethoven. Mozart, Wagner, Schubert."

Here he paused for a second, and then, turning to his two companions, asked:

"Is that the same Schubert that's mixed up in the theatrical business?"

"I guess it is," said one of the other men.

"Naw," said the third man, "I've heard my wife speak about the fellow whose name's cut up there. I think he's one of those long-haired German oboe players."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Which is the worst: for a boy to steal an apple from an orchard, or for a man to take one from in front of a grocery store?

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



One Hundred Years Ago.

The greater part of the Russian army was concentrated upon the frontiers of Turkey, contemplating a serious move against that country.

The French general at Naples ordered the seizure of all vessels suspected of carrying provisions to Malta or the English squadron.

The Russian and British ministers were received in private audience by the King of Prussia.

War was declared between England and Spain.

Six cardinals were named by the Pope to accompany his holiness to France for the coronation of Napoleon.

M. Henri, a Frenchman, was in Washington, engaged in translating into French the life of George Washington, from papers in the possession of Bushrod Washington.

Emmet, the Irish patriot, arrived in America.

Seventy-five Years Ago.

Trafalgar Square, London, was begun.

The Emperor of Austria presented a magnificent service of porcelain to the Pasha of Egypt.

Francis Scott Key, made an eloquent address before the African Colonization Society, which met in Philadelphia.

Two large mirrors arrived at Philadelphia from France for the east room of the White House at Washington.

A steam vessel made its first voyage from Dublin to Borkum at the rate of ten miles per hour.

Provision was made for the free navigation of the River Rhine, Germany.

Angola, a Portuguese settlement in Africa, revolted against Don Miguel.

Fifty Years Ago.

The royal Danish railroad was opened by the King.

Two additional asteroids were discovered by M. M. Goldschmidt and Chacemaker in Paris and named Polymonia and Pomana.

The famous "charge of the light brigade" took place at Balaklava.

The American clipper Lightning arrived at Liverpool, sixty-three days from Melbourne, Australia.

Several detachments of British guards left London for the Crimea to fill up casualties caused by the battle of Alma.

The remains of the English exploring party under Sir John Franklin were discovered near Great Fish River Buck, in the Arctic Ocean.

Pierre Soule, American minister to Spain, on landing at Cadiz from England, was stopped by the French police and obliged to return to London.

Forty Years Ago.

Delegates from the Canadian colonies at a meeting at Quebec agreed upon the basis of representation in the Canadian confederation.

Gold in the New York market dropped from 218 1/4 to 213, and wheat from \$1.73 to \$1.63, in eight hours.

The United States Internal revenue report showed an income from that source of \$500,000 a day.

<p

TOWN NEWS

Good weather.
Good times.
A good town.
Dwellings are in demand.
Curtis Riley is down with the mumps.
Dr. Carroll Thrasher was in town Wednesday.
Have a "grab" at Guild Hall, December 17th.
The Entertainment and Bazaar at Guild Hall, December 17th.
You will hear some good music at the Guild Hall, December 17th.

Have your fortune told at the Bazaar at Guild Hall, December 17th.

Contractor Rose is grading the site for Mrs. Harrington's hotel building.
The Firemen's Ball to be given New Years' Eve should be the event of the season.

Born—In this town, November 26th, to the wife of Geo. Keissling, a daughter.
Gypsies are good fortune tellers. There will be one at Guild Hall, December 17th.

Born—In this town, on Saturday morning, December 3d, to the wife of P. Kavanaugh, a daughter.
Mrs. Muselman of Marysville, Cal., a sister of Mr. Frank Miner, paid a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Miner last week.

Mrs. Plymire and Mrs. Eikerenkotter paid a three days' visit at Morgan Hill. A phenomenal juvenile singer will sing at the Bazaar, December 17th, at the Guild Hall. You must hear her.

There will be a good programme, refreshments, fancy work for sale and dancing at Guild Hall, December 17th.

Male quartette singing is always acceptable. You will hear some at the Bazaar, December 17th, in the Guild Hall.

Mandolins and guitars make good music. Come to the Bazaar on December 17th, at the Guild Hall, and hear them.

You want some good home-made candy for Christmas. Get some at the Bazaar, December 17th, at the Guild Hall.

Wait for the Bazaar of the Grace Guild at Guild Hall, Saturday evening, December 17th. You will find something there for Christmas.

There will be a variety of professional talent from the city at the Bazaar on the evening of Saturday, the 17th of December, at the Guild Hall.

Mrs. R. K. Patchell returned Thursday after spending some three weeks at the Patchell ranch near Morgan Hill. Mr. Patchell is expected home the first part of next week.

Between 12 and 1 o'clock Saturday night a young man named Smith was held up near Baden Station by two masked men and relieved of a gold ring, his cuff links and 25 cents cash.

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Post office building.

Pound No. 2 has been established and opened at the residence of the undersigned near the Lux Ranch House.

A. T. SHERMAN, Poundkeeper.

Mrs. Vandebos will give a children's party at 2 o'clock this afternoon at the Linden Hotel in honor of the tenth birthday of her little daughter, Adrienne. All the school children are cordially invited to be present.

On Monday night a bartender known as Frank Smith tapped the till at one of W. R. Markt's saloons on Mission road, obtaining \$105 cash, with which he skipped out for parts unknown. The true name of the man is Frank Clope. He is an amateur prize fighter, and was out on San Bruno road to train for a match with another pug. The following is the description of the fellow sent out to the officers of the law: Height 6 feet; weight, 200 pounds; complexion, very dark, hair black, eyes hazel, mouth large, face broad and flat, said to resemble Champion Jim Jeffries. Wore big black hat, pepper and salt suit, and dark grey overcoat.

FREE CHRISTMAS DINNERS

For 200,000 Poor People

will be supplied by the Salvation Army throughout the U. S. Will you help by sending a donation, no matter how small, to the :

SALVATION ARMY

San Francisco Headquarters:

1271 Mission St., S. F., Cal.

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.

Mr. Frank Miner will leave tomorrow or Monday for a vacation and will go to Forest Hill, Placer county. Mr. Miner made his home at Forest Hill from boyhood until his early manhood, leaving there something over thirty years ago. He goes back now for the first time in thirty years. Frank Miner is a pioneer here and one of this town's most enterprising and successful business men. He is a large property owner of this town. His residence on Home Owners' Hill is one of the finest in this place, and in rear of his home he has his barns, wagon house, corrals and blacksmith shop. For years Mr. Miner has been engaged in contract work, building roads, macadamizing streets, raising and moving houses, putting in con-

crete work, constructing sewers, furnishing rock and fertilizers to the big cemeteries, in fact, doing almost every sort of work requiring men and teams in its execution. He is a constant and indefatigable worker and has well earned the rest he is about taking.

REDWOOD'S GOOD FORTUNE.

Our bustling county seat is enjoying a streak of good fortune which is the direct result of the enterprise of her citizens. The contract has been let for a \$10,000 public library building, the gift of Andrew Carnegie. There is no good reason why other towns, and especially San Mateo, should not also have made an effort to secure a library from Mr. Carnegie.

In Redwood City the citizens went about the matter with a determination to succeed. Complete data relative to the town accompanied the petition and in due time a favorable response was received. Not content with this a bond issue of \$100,000 was floated recently to improve the streets of that city, and as a token of the confidence which its managers have in the town's future the First National Bank of Redwood City subscribed the entire issue. These are merely incidents to show what united effort on the part of the citizens of a community can do.—Leader, San Mateo.

Born—In this town, November 26th, to the wife of Geo. Keissling, a daughter.

Gypsies are good fortune tellers. There will be one at Guild Hall, December 17th.

Mrs. Plymire and Mrs. Eikerenkotter paid a three days' visit at Morgan Hill.

A phenomenal juvenile singer will sing at the Bazaar, December 17th, at the Guild Hall. You must hear her.

There will be a good programme, refreshments, fancy work for sale and dancing at Guild Hall, December 17th.

Male quartette singing is always acceptable. You will hear some at the Bazaar, December 17th, in the Guild Hall.

Mandolins and guitars make good music. Come to the Bazaar on December 17th, at the Guild Hall, and hear them.

You want some good home-made candy for Christmas. Get some at the Bazaar, December 17th, at the Guild Hall.

Wait for the Bazaar of the Grace Guild at Guild Hall, Saturday evening, December 17th. You will find something there for Christmas.

There will be a variety of professional talent from the city at the Bazaar on the evening of Saturday, the 17th of December, at the Guild Hall.

Mrs. R. K. Patchell returned Thursday after spending some three weeks at the Patchell ranch near Morgan Hill. Mr. Patchell is expected home the first part of next week.

Between 12 and 1 o'clock Saturday night a young man named Smith was held up near Baden Station by two masked men and relieved of a gold ring, his cuff links and 25 cents cash.

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Post office building.

Pound No. 2 has been established and opened at the residence of the undersigned near the Lux Ranch House.

A. T. SHERMAN, Poundkeeper.

Mrs. Vandebos will give a children's party at 2 o'clock this afternoon at the Linden Hotel in honor of the tenth birthday of her little daughter, Adrienne. All the school children are cordially invited to be present.

On Monday night a bartender known as Frank Smith tapped the till at one of W. R. Markt's saloons on Mission road, obtaining \$105 cash, with which he skipped out for parts unknown. The true name of the man is Frank Clope. He is an amateur prize fighter, and was out on San Bruno road to train for a match with another pug. The following is the description of the fellow sent out to the officers of the law: Height 6 feet; weight, 200 pounds; complexion, very dark, hair black, eyes hazel, mouth large, face broad and flat, said to resemble Champion Jim Jeffries. Wore big black hat, pepper and salt suit, and dark grey overcoat.

if he finds it necessary to leave at any time he leave a competent representative in charge.

Mr. Kousell was present and said he has kept close watch on the work and was sure the building was being properly looked after. He thought his duties have been conscientiously performed. He admitted he was never on hand all day every day, but was sure the material and workmanship were fully up to the requirements of the specifications.

The resolution of the Grand Jury was accepted and placed on file. The board evidently was satisfied with Mr. Kousell's explanation.

SAN MATEO COURT HOUSE SITE.

District Attorney Bullock brought up a matter of history in connection with the location of the county seat in early days. It was the fact that on November 24, 1873, Alvinza Hayward made a deed to the county of a block of land in the Hayward addition on condition that a court house and jail be erected thereon within two years from that time. "In the settlement of the estate," said Mr. Bullock, "Mr. McEnerney, the attorney for Mr. Dingee, found it necessary in order to clear the title to have the defect remedied, and especially in view of the fact that the non-action of the county has nullified the deed." In behalf of Mr. McEnerney he asked the board to re-deed the property to the Hayward estate. This was done by a unanimous vote.

Supervisor McEvoy, who is about to lay down the reins of public office, said he wanted to retire with a clean bill of health, and he moved that the Auditor and Treasurer be requested to prepare a full financial statement of the affairs of the county to the end of the year. The request was granted and the officers will be requested to file the statement.

OFFICERS' REPORTS.

The reports of county officers were considered. Fees were collected by the Recorder and Clerk as follows: Recorder \$381.70, County Clerk \$89.35. The Tax Collector had a good month, collecting taxes to the amount of \$177,533.39, which were paid December 1st.

The License Collector gathered in \$961.35, of which he retained for his own use 10 per cent or \$96.13.

The Sheriff's report showed fees collected and paid in amounting to \$8. His mileage earnings were \$48.75. Of this \$37.50 was for summoning the Grand Jury. There were boarded 29 prisoners at a cost of \$156.50.

The balance on hand in the County Treasurer's hands last month was \$34,886.68. Receipts were \$15,758.35. Total \$80,645.03. Disbursements \$16,16.80. Balance on hand \$64,478.23.

The Health Officer's report indicated that 661 burials of San Francisco parties took place in this county during the month, as he had collected \$661, or \$1 for each burial. He also issued five disinterment permits, collecting for same \$50. He had received several complaints of the uncleanly condition of hog ranches about Colma, and had notified the owners to clean the same.

The board directed that bids for furnishing the poor farm with supplies be advertised for the first meeting in January.—Leader, San Mateo.

RULE FOR PAYMENT OF WATER RATES.

It Will Be Enforced.

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company has directed the local collector to give notice of and rigidly enforce its rules for the payment of the water rates in this town. The December water rate must be paid on or before the last day of December. If not paid the water will be shut off on the 1st day of January and it will cost one dollar extra in every instance to have the water again turned on. This rule will apply to every month in the year; that is to say, the water rate MUST be paid within or before the end of the current month. No exceptions will be made and this rule will be rigidly enforced.

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.

An equable and healthful climate. The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

NOTICE!

For the accommodation of those having business with the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, its office in the Postoffice building will be open hereafter on Sundays between the hours of 4 and 5 o'clock p. m.

W. J. MARTIN, Land Agent.

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

NOTICE.

The Grand Jury also called attention to the fact that Mr. Kousell, the superintendent of construction of the new court house was not always at his post of duty. It recommended that he be required to remain on duty the whole of each day, and that

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Desirable fat cattle not plentiful and prices have advanced some, while commoner grades are offered freely at steady prices.

Sheep and Lambs—Desirable sheep and lambs not plentiful, meeting ready sales at slightly advanced prices.

Hogs—Not plentiful, in good demand, market strong to higher.

Provisions—Provisions are in fair demand.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are \$10 per cent shrinkage on cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

CATTLE—No. 1 Steers, 7½@8c; 2nd quality, 6½@7c; Thin Steers, 5½@6c; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 5½@6c; No. 2 Cows and Heifers, 5½@5c; 3rd quality, 4½@5c.

Hogs—Hard grain fed, 12c to 22c lbs., 5½@6½c; over 250 lbs., 4½@4½c; hogs weighing under 125 lbs., 5@5½c.

CALVES—Under 250 lbs., alive, gross weight, 4½@5c; over 250 lbs., 3½@4½c.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses.

BEEF—Market strong on good, heavy Steers; other grades Beef weak.—First quality steers, 6½@6½c; second quality, 5½@6c; third quality 4½@5c; thin steers, 3½@4c; first quality cows and heifers, 5½@5½c; second quality, 4½@5c; third quality, 4@4½c.

VEAL—Large, 6@6½c; medium, 7½@8c; small, good, 5½@5c.

MUTTON—Market firm—Wethers, heavy, 6½@7½c; light, 7@7½c; Heavy Ewes, 6½@6c; Light Ewes, 6@6½c; Spring Lambs No. 1, 8@9c; fat Lambs, 6@6½c.

DRESSED HOGS—Hams, 8@8½c.

PROVISIONS—Hams, 11½@12½c; picnic hams, 8½@9½c; Boiled Hams, skin on, 17c; skin off, 19c.

BACON—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 15½c; light S. C. bacon, 14½c; med. bacon, clear, 10½c; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 10½c; clear, light bacon, 12½c; clear ex. light bacon, 13c.

BEEF—Extra Family, bbl., \$11.00; do. bbl., \$5.75; Family Beef, bbl., \$10.50; do. bbl., \$5.50; Extra Mess, bbl., \$10.50; do. bbl., \$5.50.

PORK—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 9½c; do. light, 9½c; do. Bellies, 10½c; Clear, bbls., \$19.00; hf-bbls., \$9.75; Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls., \$5.00; 25-lb. kegs, \$2.10; \$1.25.

LARD—Prices are \$10 per cwt.

Tcs. ½-bbls. 50s. 20s. 10s. 5s.

Compound 6 6½ 6½ 6½ 6½ 6½

Cal. pure 9 9½ 9½ 9½ 9½ 9½

In 3-lb tins the price on each is ½ higher than on 5-lb tins.

CANNED MEATS—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, 2½s; 2½s; 3s; 4s; Roast Beef, 2s ... ; 1s, 2s 40; 1s \$1.35; Roast Beef, 2s ... ; 1s, 2s 40; 1s \$1.35; Roast Beef, 2s ... ; 1s, 2s 40; 1s \$1.35; Roast Beef, 2s ... ;



TOILERS OF THE COLUMBIA

By Paul De Laney

Author of "Lord of the Desert," "Oregon Sketches," and other Pacific Coast Stories

CHAPTER IX.

Trouble Brewing.

Seadog owned a large store. It was a sort of commissary where all the fishermen were compelled to trade, either directly or indirectly. Those employed by Seadog had to trade with him and the others had to trade with him also, because he had placed the town and placed a proviso in the deed to all the lots which he sold to the effect that the grantees should not deal in certain merchandise. This item covered about everything. Even spirituous, venous and malt liquors were prohibited. Still there were nearly half a dozen saloons in the place, but Seadog had contracts by which he received, directly or indirectly, the larger per cent of the profits. He also owned the local cannery. Chinamen were worked in the place. They lived at a mess house where existence on rice and spoiled fish was easy, and they worked for Seadog for a few cents a day. He had smuggled them overland across the Canadian boundary and they believed they were compelled to remain in his employ; and they were in a measure, for Seadog was not known in the unlawful transaction and could have handed them over to the authorities without risk to himself. He might have sent some of his hirelings to the government prison, but he did not mind this. Men were cheap and money valuable.

Old Seadog also owned miles of fish traps. The ragged lines of piling forming wings and hearts extended up and down the bay and to the middle of the river from Disappointment to McGowan's, about a dozen miles.

It is true that a few men had taken advantage of their rights under the law and had secured locations and had constructed traps, but it was necessary to guard these like treasures. If they were left alone the "storms" tore up the piling and Seadog's traps were constructed in front and on the side of them so that even the luckless fish found their way to the fishermen's trap by the sheerest accident.

One by one they had succumbed and sold to Seadog at his own price, except the few who preferred to work and barely live than become the slaves' of any man.

It was on the fatal morning upon which Sankala and Ringold dared the storm. Old Seadog was up early, as was his custom. He superintended all of his own business. He left nothing of importance to others. It was to this fact that he attributed his success, and he admonished his sons to follow in his footsteps.

The storm was raging and the man of wealth did not care to stir abroad so early. He grew confidential with Mrs. Seadog. He did this occasionally, but it was only when matters arose that closely affected his business interests. He was by no means a faithful husband to her, as many of the fishermen knew, but he had great confidence in her good judgment, and sought her advice in the matters that weighed upon her heavily.

He was still seated at the table. Daylight had not yet begun to dawn. The storm was raging. The mist and rain fell upon the roof with a rasping sound. The other members of the family had left the dining room. Mrs. Seadog did her own dishes. She did this from choice because she had been brought up to work.

"Let the work go for awhile, wife, and set down," said the husband.

Mrs. Seadog obeyed the request readily. She knew something was coming. She had already seen it in her husband's eyes and in his actions. But what woman does not like to be taken into the confidence of her husband?

"Do you know, wife, I am in more trouble than a trap full of fish," said old Seadog when his wife was seated.

"I thought the foolish prejudice against old Ringold and Sankala was something to worry about, but now the troubles are multiplying like sun fish."

"The title to the townsite is threatened. The gill netters are preparing for devilment and even the government had a secret service man here a few days ago trying to associate me with the unlawful importation of the pig tails who work in my cannery."

"I do not understand all of this, or even a part of it," said the anxious wife. "I thought you had a dead to the townsite property. The gill netters I thought had recognized your measurement of the river, and as to the importation of the Chinamen, I supposed the half-breed and his son-in-law were responsible for that."

"But you can't count on anything these days," continued the fisherman king. "When old Lapham made the deed to his homestead that night just before he died in a drunken fit, there were several present. But all of them are dead from drowning or otherwise, except one of the witnesses that signed the instrument. He has got foolish religious ideas in his head and is trying to make trouble. I had my bookkeeper give him \$100 and send him to the sound, and that may quiet him. But the transaction is beginning to cost me something. Bumbo, the lawyer who drew up the deed, was standing in with the other fellow in a way and I had to employ him yesterday by the year. He doesn't cost much, it

is true, but it all counts in the end when you are not certain they consider themselves paid in full.

"But I only have to keep this matter off about three years more. Dan Lapham is the only heir. He is now nineteen. If he neglects to take action for a year after he comes of age he loses all his rights under the statute of limitations."

"How about the gillnetters, husband?" inquired Mrs. Seadog.

"Well, fish are getting scarce on their side of the river. They are scarce everywhere, for that matter. But since the government jetty was built on that side, the fish run in larger schools on this side. The gillnetters claim that I am across the line. They are threatening to destroy my traps and swamp my boats.

"I sent one of my trusted men among them, who joined their union and he informs me that they are planning to make a night raid in a few days. I have had a conference with the governor of the state and he is holding the militia in readiness to come on notice from the sheriff. I shall furnish them a boat at a good rental in which they will patrol the river and keep the south-siders back."

"The only trouble, though, is that the state may take up the matter, and induce the United States government to make a survey. This will cost me a number of traps or a neat sum to the surveyors. These two are matters of magnitude, but the Chinese importation trouble will be easily handled. I will send the half-breed and his daughter's husband to the pen and that will stop them."

"And Dan Lapham—well, he is a daring devil. You know he tends a trap alone. Although he can swim like a trout, the single boatmen are lost sooner or later."

The conversation had lasted until long after daylight. The husband and wife were suddenly interrupted by one of their sons.

"Have you heard the news?" he asked as he entered hurriedly, and then without waiting for a reply, he added:

"One fishing boat went down near the sand spit and two fishermen were lost. Another was seen entering the breakers at Pacific Rocks. Still another, thought to have contained Dan Lapham, turned turtle off Chinook Point, and old Ringold and Sankala shot behind Disappointment Rocks. It is the worst morning of the season."

"It is an ill wind that blows no one good!" remarked old Seadog.

CHAPTER X.

Bitter Prospects.

The storm had continued throughout the day and arose at night with renewed fury. It was a common thing to have weeks of storms at this season of the year and the sun rarely ever showed itself. But every storm was the "worst" and the oldest individual would verify the fact.

It only goes to show how quickly people forget even the unpleasant things of life. A month of rain and sleet and snow last year, which at the time was declared unbearable, is forgotten in the spring sunshine and when another winter storm comes, although mild compared with former ones, it is a record-breaker while it lasts and the complaint is long and loud.

But such is the way of weak, frivolous humanity. It was sunshine yesterday; it is storming today and tomorrow will whatever the temperament suggests. It amounts to nothing anyway; forever complaining, forgiving, expecting, being disappointed and disappointing others; yesterday's friend is today's enemy; in the deepest poverty and distress yesterday, rich and happy today.

After all the mind is the weather vane in life's short span of time and the tongue the thermometer. Whatever the mind conceives is so, and the tongue indicates the state of the mind. Life is storm or sunshine just as the mind makes it, and the wagging tongue records the impression.

But whether in reality it was the mildest or most severe storm in the history of the fishing village on the north banks of the Columbia, in the mind of one it was the darkest hour of her life. The wind blew loudest, the rainfall on the roof was more rasping and the night had closed in with greater darkness. The fire flickered more gloomily and the shadows flitted about more ghostly.

The cupboard seemed scantier, the furniture rougher, the bed clothing lighter, the floor was more bare and even the good natured house cat seemed gloomier as the rain and wind raged outside and beat upon the cabin as if it were cursed and doomed forever.

Sankala was usually of a light heart and spirit, but her nature was all crushed tonight. She sat beside the bed which was drawn near the fire. She gazed into the flames with tear-stained eyes. She would look into the future, but there was nothing to see. Then the terrible episodes of the day flashed through her mind like a succession of night-mares or hideous dreams.

But she did not forget her duty. As regular as the clock would she turn and change the damp cloths upon Ringold's head and examine the hot smoothing-iron at his feet. The cloths were kept cold and the irons were kept hot.

Ringold barely breathed. The ex-

citement of the day had about cut the last thread that held his feeble old life. When the life savers rescued them the boat had its nose against Destruction Rocks, which point no boat had ever reached before and been saved. Ringold knew nothing of the rescue. His last conscious moments were to see himself and Sankala going to destruction. When he saw the inevitable and the struggling frail child battling with the mountains of sea the feeble old man collapsed in a heap in the bottom of the boat.

The long hours of exposure had told on him and it was already whispered about that night that tonight was Ringold's last night on earth. But the fishermen had become accustomed to his sinking spells and Sankala was left alone with him.

Sankala had not been afraid. She was not afraid now. It was not because she was less refined than other girls or naturally braver than other girls. It was because she had been schooled against fear. Her life had been her schooling and it had been one in which all of the hardships had been taught in practical lessons. Not performed and rehearsed for the occasion, but lessons that came with the routine of every day life.

When a mere babe she had been cast ashore like so much driftwood. And all of her young life she had been buffeted about on the bay and river in a small fishing boat like a cockle-shell. She had become so interlinked with danger that it seemed her constant companion and she only thought of it as such.

"That kid was as calm when we drew her from the jaws of death as if she were rowing a boat on a summer's day," had remarked one of the life savers.

"The first thing she did was to bend over the old man and begin rubbing his hands," said another.

It was not Sankala's bad seamanship or lack of skill that led her across the danger line, but it was her lack of strength. The trap they tended lay to the west nearer the bar than others and while rounding the rocks to reach the trap the undertow, unusually strong from the all night storm, caught her and carried her boat away by sheer force.

She was meditating over the day's exciting episodes and the condition of her companion. Young as she was, she knew that Ringold could not last much longer. They were reduced to the direst straits. Fishing was poor and wages were poorer. Ringold was no longer useful. He was more of a hindrance as a co-worker. His companion was all that was left her.

They now only earned a scant living and should Ringold become bed-ridden she did not know what she would do. He had not confided fully to her the secret of her life and the mysteries of the documents concealed under the hearth. Would these help her? She made up her mind that should Ringold recover again she would break the subject to him.

It was not so much for her own self that she was prompted, but she wished to ease the old man's life in his last days. He had made a great struggle for her and she wished to repay him in some way.

While meditating over her troubles, there came a loud, heavy knock at the door. It sounded like the rap of doom. She could not tell why, but she trembled. Sankala was not in the habit of experiencing such sensations. She went to the door and opened it. "Come in!" she said in a hollow tone.

It was old Seadog! What could bring him at such an hour of the night. Then old Seadog always sent for his employees instead of calling upon them.

"Will you be seated?" asked the girl.

"No. Have but a minute. How is Ringold?"

"I cannot tell," replied Sankala. "He is quite feeble, but he has been that way quite often of late. He is getting very old, you know."

"Yes," replied Seadog. "He is getting too old and feeble to work. He has become worthless to me. I came to tell you that I have had your trap provided for. He should be taken to the poor farm—and, I presume that is the best place for you, Sankala—you know you would like to be by the old man's side his remaining days. I will look after the arrangements tomorrow."

Thus spoke old Seadog. Then he turned and walked out into the gloom without saying good-night.

(To be continued)

Storm Cannons.

The storm cannons now in use along the southern side of the Alps, where damage from hallstorms during harvest time is imminent, look like a huge megaphone, such as boat-crew coaches use, and they are set with their wide mouths gaping skyward, beside little houses that look like sentry boxes. When they are fired they boom like "sure enough" cannons, and send reverberating, echoing, boom-booms caroming about among the hillsides; but instead of a ball or shell, or other similar projectile, they emit a ring of smoke which grows larger and larger as it ascends, until at last, before it breaks, it is big enough to surround a ten-acre field. What the effect of a smoke ring upon a mischievously intent cloud is I cannot exactly say, but instead of hail, only rain falls when the guns are used, and damage to crops is prevented.

Disgracing Herself.

Mrs. Smartset—For mercy's sake, don't let me hear you talk about books in society again.

Cultured Daughter—Dear me! Why not?

Mrs. Smartset—Strangers will think you have been a cash girl in a book store.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.

It is always easy for a little man to be meek.

Wisdom increases itself by enriching others.

The mercy of God is the greatest of all mercies.

How would a prayer-party do for a change?

A mighty little man can undo a large man's work.

The lean Christian is sure to be nervous.

Wealth won by tricks vanishes by magic.

It takes many a tumble to keep us humble.

He who declines no pleasure declines in power.

A hard feeling is far from a rock foundation.

Preparation is the best prayer for consecration.

People who remember malice easily forget mercy.

Truth is never worth much where it costs but little.

Stars of hope are always born in the night of trouble.

Walking in faith is walking in the light of His face.

Faith fills up the promises before they are fulfilled.

The chronic kicker is the first to go lame in the race.

The journey is worth while when wisdom is at the end.

The apologetic church is apt to have an apologetic preacher.

Heavenly activity is fruitless without heavenly attributes.

The teacher is to lead men into truth, not to throw it at them.

He who wears the devil's yoke who thinks that sin is a joke.

Nature study is empty without the study of our own natures.

The paint of pride is not the same as the robe of righteousness.

He who is willing to guide a child is preparing to lead a nation.

It may make some of us feel queer to see our ballots at the judgment.

The best evidence of your own salvation is your interest in that of others.

The religion that makes a man too good for common people is born of the pit.

Many a man who is barking at his wife's piety now is banking a good deal on what it is going to do for him when he comes to die.

SPHINX IS NOT A MYSTERY.

Scientists Declare It to Be an Image of the God of Morning.

Scientists of Washington confirm the reports which have been in circulation recently to the effect that the mystery surrounding the sphinx has been solved. At the Smithsonian institution it is said that the stone enigma of the desert is nothing more than a gigantic image of Ra-Harmachis, the god of morning and the conqueror of darkness, hence it faces east. This discovery was made recently by means of the inscriptions that were found on the walls of a temple which was unearthed by excavators.

Scholars uncovered the foundations of the great statue and have brought to light many interesting features which until recently were unknown. The temple surrounding the base was intended for the worship of Harmachis and several chambers hewn in the rock were the tombs of kings and priests devoted to his worship. In 1896 there was discovered a stone cap with a sacred asp carved on the forehead, which once covered the head of the sphinx like a royal helmet, and must have added immensely to its grandeur, particularly if it was gilded, as it is believed.

The sphinx is not an independent structure. The body and head are actually hewn out of the solid rock, but much sandstone masonry was built in to make the outlines perfect and to cover any defects in the material. This re-enforcement of the original rock is now very apparent to a close observer, but originally it was concealed, for scientists believe that the entire image was once covered with enamel. Indeed, it is still possible even now to find fragments still adhering to the surface which resemble porcelain tiles found in tombs and the ruins of the ancient palaces. Several private collectors and some museums have large blocks of most brilliant coloring and artistic design, and from them we can imagine what an imposing spectacle the great statue must have been before the Persians and the Mohammedans destroyed its glory. —Washington Times.

Not Interested in the Matter.

Upton—Did you ever wonder how it is that man should live after death, while a dog, with substantially the same physical organism, should not?

Dowling—Can't say I ever did. Fact is, I don't consider it any of my business. —Boston Transcript.

The Vital Question.

Naval Captain—Are they loaded?

Lieutenant—What, our guns?

Naval Captain—No; our life-preservers. —Houston Chronicle.</

INHERITED SCROFULA

When a child I had a very severe attack of Diphtheria, which came near proving fatal. Upon recovery the glands of the neck were very much enlarged, and after the free use of iodine, the right one was reduced to its normal size, but the left one continued to grow—very slowly at first, until it was about the size of a goose egg, which began to press on the windpipe, causing difficult breathing, and became very painful. An incision was made and a large quantity of pus discharged. The gland was removed, or as much as could with safety be taken out. For ten years I wore a little piece of cloth about an inch long in my neck to keep the place open. During this time I had to have it cut open by the doctor every time I took cold or the opening clogged. In the Spring or early Summer of 1884 I was persuaded by my wife to use S. S. S., which I did, strictly in accordance with directions. I took twenty-six large bottles, and was entirely cured, for I have not suffered since that time.

B. S. RAGLAND,
Royal Bag Mfg. Co., Charleston, S. C.

Only a constitutional remedy can reach an hereditary disease like Scrofula. When the blood is restored to a normal condition and the scrofulous deposits are carried off there is a gradual return to health. S. S. S. is well known as a blood purifier and tonic. It is the only guaranteed, strictly vegetable remedy sold. If you have any signs of Scrofula, write us and our physicians will advise you free.

Rurge and Precht, Revue Scientifique, have classified radium by the spectroscope. The most intense lines of the spark-spectrum of radium are rigorously analogous to the strongest lines of barium and its congeners, magnesium, calcium and strontium. They place the atomic weight of radium at 237.8. This high atomic weight furnishes, in part, the explanation of the ease with which its elements split into electrons to produce radio activity.

A Little Lesson In Patriotism

Although any one of his score of other exploits would in itself have been sufficient to raise Gen. Wayne to the heights of fame, "Mad Anthony" will ever be best remembered as the hero of the capture of Stony Point, on the night of July 6, 1779.

Stony Point had been regarded as the most impregnable position of which the British were masters. The thought of its capture advanced by Anthony Wayne seemed insane, its fulfillment impossible. The plan was bold and brilliant; but the misgivings of the Americans were greater than their faith in the ability of Wayne. There was one, however, who believed in the dashing Pennsylvanian; and, as that one was Gen. Washington, the enterprise, the boldest and most hazardous of the entire war, was intrusted to him.

The head and front of the attack, wherever the danger was greatest, was



GENERAL WAYNE.

Obedied His Chief's Order.

A smart young officer belonging to a cavalry corps in India was sent on sick leave to a convalescent station of Simla and, while recovering his health among the hills there was robbed of his heart and in return captivated the charming thief. The young fellow proposed and was accepted and with all possible dispatch the wedding day was fixed. But the colonel of the expectant bridegroom's regiment was strongly opposed to the lieutenant marrying and telegraphed an unwelcome "Join at once" to the amorous sub.

The chagrined soldier handed the peremptory message to his fair one. She glanced at it and then, with a becoming blush of sweet simplicity, remarked:

"I am more than glad, dear, that your colonel so approves of your choice, but what a hurry he is in for the wedding. I don't think I can be ready quite so soon, but I'll try, for, of course, the colonel must be obeyed."

"But you don't seem to understand the telegram, sweetheart," said the lieutenant. "It upsets every plan we have made. You see, he says, 'Join at once!'"

"Certainly he does, dear," replied the lady, looking up with an arch smile, "but it is you who don't seem to understand it. When the colonel says, 'Join at once,' what does he mean but get married immediately? What else, indeed, can he possibly mean?"

"What else, indeed, darling?" delightedly exclaimed the ardent lover, rejoicing in the new reading, which he received with the utmost alacrity. So forty-eight hours had scarcely passed before the colonel received the following: "Your orders have been carried out. We were joined at once."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Greatest in the World.

Arlington, Ind., Dec. 5th.—(Special)—Mr. W. A. Hysong, the photographer, who moved here recently from Sapp, Ky., is firmly of the opinion that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the greatest Kidney Remedy the world has ever known.

"In the years 1901 and 1902," says Mr. Hysong, "and for some time before I was afflicted with Kidney Trouble. My joints were sore and stiff and I finally got so bad I could not turn in bed without assistance. In the Spring of 1903 I was induced, by a friend, to try Dodd's Kidney Pills and after using one and one-half boxes I was and am still completely cured. Several of my neighbors, too, used Dodd's Kidney Pills and in every case they did as recommended."

Cure the early symptoms of Kidney Disease, such as Backache, with Dodd's Kidney Pills and you will never have Bright's Disease.

The best fortune to leave a boy is the ability to look out for himself.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is a safe, black medicine, well presented by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Soaking black calico in salt water before washing sets the colors.

"What's in a name?" Well, William, think of the bother to busy men were "Old Gilt Edge" changed to another name—any other name—well, William?

Intelligent people are profitable company.

There is a vast difference between the present day breach loading automatic ejector shot gun and the "Muzzle Loader" of thirty years ago. Few realize, however, that a corresponding improvement has been made by Peters Loaded Shells and Cartridges of the ammunition in use ten years ago. The Peters Cartridge Co. are the largest in America. Everything used in a shell—the shell itself—is made by them accurately, carefully and perfectly.

Have a warm blanket to put over your horse after a hard drive.

Miller's Milwaukee Beer—the best in market. Sprinane, Stanley & Co., San Francisco, agents.

Rapid recovery from illness often depends more upon nourishing food than upon medicine.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. THOS. ROBBINS, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

She Knew from Experience.

"Give us some class yell oysters," said Willie Sofomore and Harry Whoopeley as they pulled up to the table.

"Class yell oysters?" asked the waiter.

"Pardon me, but what are they?"

"Raw! Raw! Raw!"

The Octogenarian.

They were neither of them brilliant scholars, but they liked to move with the times as regards their knowledge of current events, so the daily newspaper was regularly delivered at their humble domicile, and it was Jennie's duty to read out during breakfast time all the most interesting items of the day.

One morning, after wading through the latest intelligence from the front, she turned to another page of the paper and said:

"Herbie, it says here that another octogenarian's dead."

"What's an octogenarian?"

"Well, I don't know what they are, but they must be very sickly creatures. You never hear of them but they're dying."

Keyed Up to the Mark.

"Gee whiz! Ethel!" exclaimed the young lady's beau, "this toothache is simply frightful."

"Oh! George, it's too bad," said the dear girl. "Of course, you won't speak to paper to-night."

"Won't I, though? I'm just in shape for it. Bring on your old man! I don't care what happens to me."

Philadelphia Press.

Courtship serves as a curtain-raiser on the matrimonial tragedy.

Ayer's

For hard colds, bronchitis, asthma, and coughs of all kinds, you cannot take anything better than Ayer's

Cherry Pectoral

Cherry Pectoral. Ask your own doctor if this is not so. He uses it. He understands why it soothes and heals.

"I had a terrible cough for weeks. Then I took Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and only one bottle completely cured me."

MRS. J. B. DANFORTH, St. Joseph, Mich.

25c., 50c., \$1.00.
All druggists.

for Coughs, Colds

You will hasten recovery by taking one of Ayer's Pills at bedtime.

The man who pays his debts is reliable.

A Famous Seed House.

An instance of commercial development and growth to proportions unusual is cited in the career of the well-known seed firm, D. M. Ferry & Co., of Detroit, Mich. Since its establishment half a century ago, the company, following out principles of strict business integrity and building upon unquestionable merit, has steadily grown until the name of Ferry's Seeds is now a household word with every planter in the land.

Ferry's Seeds are famous for their purity, freshness and reliability. The greatest of care is exercised in their growing and selection, and only seeds of the highest possible standard are placed upon the market. Every package has behind it the reputation of a house whose standards are the highest in the trade. A fresh stock, just received from the growers, is carried by dealers everywhere.

All farmers and gardeners ought to have a copy of the 1905 Seed Annual of the Ferry Company. It contains information and suggestions that are invaluable. The Annual will be mailed free to any one addressing D. M. Ferry & Co., Detroit, Mich.

All talk and no work makes a sorry creature.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 bottle and treatise. Dr. R. B. Kline, Ltd., 81 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The lower limbs contain thirty bones each.

To Break in New Shoes.

Always shake in Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures hot, sweating, aching, swollen feet. Corns, Ingrowing Nails and Bunions. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, etc. Don't accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmstead, Le Roy, N. Y.

The critic is the person who has plenty of time to devote to the work.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

The schemer soon has no victims unless he moves to another town.

Few of the day dreams of youth are favored by fate.

The Lower Eocene Horse.

We may imagine the earliest herds of horses in the Lower Eocene (Eohippus, or "dawnhorse" stage) as resembling a lot of small fox-terriers in size, only eleven inches, or two and three-tenths hands, at the withers, covered with short hair which may have had a brownish color with lighter spots, resembling the sunbeams falling through the leaves of trees, and thus protecting the little animals from observation. As in the terrier, the wrist (knee) was near the ground, the hand was still short, terminating in four hoofs, with a part of the fifth toe (thumb) dangling at the side. Despite its diminutive size of from eleven to fourteen inches, this little horse ranged from Mexico northward through Wyoming, and far over continental Europe and Great Britain.—From Henry Fairfield Osborn's "Fossil Wonders of the West" in the Century.

Hood's
Sarsaparilla is unquestionably the greatest blood and liver medicine known. It positively and permanently cures every humor, from Pimples to Scrofula. It is the Best Blood Medicine.

Stop It

The KEELEY treatment permanently cures all liquor and drug addictions.

Endorsed by U. S. Government.
Printed matter free.

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE
1170 Market Street, Donohoe Building
SAN FRANCISCO

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3.50 SHOES

W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's \$3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world.

The reason is that Douglas \$3.50 shoes are the greatest sellers in the world because of their excellent style, easy fitting and superior wearing qualities. If I could show you the difference between the shoes made by Dr. Kline and those made by Dr. Kline's why not buy Dr. Kline's? The reason is that Douglas shoes are of greater intrinsic value than any other \$3.50 shoe on the market to-day, and why the sales for the year ending July 1, 1904, were \$6,263,040.00.

W. L. Douglas guarantees that you will be satisfied with his name and price on the bottom. Look for it—take no substitutes, sold by shoe dealers everywhere.

SUPERIOR IN FIT, COMFORT AND WEAR.

"I have worn W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes for the last twelve years with absolute comfort and wear to others cutting from \$5.00 to \$7.00."—R. S. McCUE, Dept. Coll., U. S. Int. Revenue, Richmond, Va.

W. L. Douglas makes Corona Cotskin in his \$3.50 shoes. Corona Cotskin is conceded to be the finest Patent Leather made. Fast Color Eyelets used exclusively.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Massachusetts.

DE LAVAL
Dairy Supply
Company

8 & 11 Drumm St., S. F.

COUPON

FARMERS AND DAIRYMEN

Please send me the information described in your advertisement in

Name _____

Town _____

State _____

No. of Cows being milked _____

De Laval Dairy Supply Co.

8-11 Drumm St., San Francisco, Cal.

107 First St., Portland, Ore.

COUPON

SYRUP OF FIGS

To sweeten,
To refresh,
To cleanse the
system,
Effectually
and Gently;

Dispels colds and
headaches when
bilious or con-
stipated;
For men, women
and children;

There is only
one Genuine
Syrup of Figs;
to get its bene-
ficial effects

Always buy the genuine—Manufactured by the

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

San Francisco, Cal.

New York, N.Y.

The genuine Syrup of Figs is for sale by all first-class druggists. The full name of the company—California Fig Syrup Co.—is always printed on the front of every package. Price Fifty Cents per bottle.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10-cent package colors Silk, Wool and Cotton equally well, and is guaranteed to give perfect results. Ask dealer, or we will send post paid at 10 cents a package. Write for free booklet how to dye, bleach and mix colors.

MONROE DRUG CO., Unionville, Missouri.

This is the Time of the Year
When CIDER is Used.
BE SURE AND ASK FOR
Mott's New York Cider

S. F. N. U. NO. 50, 1904

PISO'S CURE FOR
CONSUMPTION

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Tasted Good, Used in time. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION

TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles of Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE**.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address,

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

WESTERN MEAT COMPANY

BEEF AND PORK PACKERS

AND SLAUGHTERERS OF

CATTLE, SHEEP, HOGS AND CALVES.

• • •

PACKERS OF THE

GOLDEN GATE —AND— **MONARCH BRANDS**

HAMS, BACON, LARD AND CANNED MEATS.

• • •

PACKINGHOUSE AND STOCK YARDS LOCATED AT

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO,

SAN MATEO COUNTY.

Consignments of Stock Solicited.

WESTERN MEAT COMPANY.